

My story isn't all Disney World or like the fairy tales that your parents tell you to send you off to bed. I was a runaway teen at the age of 14. I left home or rather the motel room where my mother and I stayed. I had enough of being a punching bag for my older sister and with all of the other problems I was facing in my living situation. So, on April 4, 2009 I got on the bus to run an errand for my mother and I never looked back. My life became an amusement park without the fun and laughter. In order to get money to eat, I became a prostitute. I started drinking and using marijuana and cocaine to numb all of the emotional pain from the hurt that I felt. My mother and sister had no idea what caused me to up and leave, but it was the feeling of being abandoned. I felt like I was going to feel better if I left, but drugs and alcohol did not work. I've been homeless for 5 years—I didn't have any supports. I didn't know where to go. I am finally now staying at a homeless shelter, and am hopeful for the future, but I just don't know what to expect. I think if there were services at the time I became homeless I would be a high school graduate by now and probably would be beginning my sophomore year in college. I would have benefited from having a support system. I wouldn't have had to have all of grown up experiences at age 14. If I had the right services I think my life would have been different.

Breshawn